

While stands Peter, Rome shall stand;
 When falls Peter, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world.

Peter lives in his successors, and when the last of them falls, his last breath shall be the signal of the world's agony, just as the sun grew dark and night overtook day when the Son of the Living God expired on the Cross. And we have an appropriate symbol of Peter's indefectibility in this glorious temple, sublime illustration of man's genius and devotion.

But thou, of temples old or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee;
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook His former city, what could be
 Of earthly structure in His honor piled
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty—all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Byron, "*Childe Harold*."

ROME, January, 1902.

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A GALLANT old gentleman by the name of Page, who was something of a rhymester, finding a lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her, with the following lines:

"If from your glove to take the letter *g*,  
 Your glove is *love*, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

"If from your Page you take the letter *P*,  
 Your Page is *age*, and that won't do for *me*."

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"I AM very thankful that my mouth has been opened to preach without any learning," said an illiterate preacher, in speaking against educating ministers. A gentleman replied: "Sir, a similar event took place in Baalam's time."